

Belmont Chronicle.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1858.

General hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of Man.

W. T. THURBURN, Editor.

TERMS.—If paid in advance \$1.50
If paid within the year 2.00

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
W. V. P. C. C. of Scioto.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
C. P. WOLCOTT, of Summit.

FOR MEMBER OF BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,
JOHN L. MARTIN, of Butler.

FOR CONGRESS—XVIII DISTRICT,
THOMAS G. THEAKER, of Bridgeport.

FOR JUDGE OF THE COMMON PLEAS COURT,
NATHAN EVANS, of Guernsey.

Virginia Chively.

The "inevitable" SHERARD CLEMENS, Congressman from the Wheeling District, fought a duel with O. JENKINS WISE, one of the Editors of *The Richmond Enquirer*, on last Friday. The circumstances which led to the fight are these. CLEMENS writes a very officious and presumptuous letter to the *Enquirer*, withdrawing the name of Judge BRUCKENBACH from the list of gubernatorial candidates. The Judge took the first opportunity to denounce the letter being with authority. The Editor of *The Enquirer* then proceeds to pass sentence rather severely upon SHERARD. SHERARD was not to be censured, and at once challenges the Editor to fight a duel. The result is that SHERARD got shot—in the thigh. We have frequently heard of this chivalric gentleman being shot, but never lower down than the neck. The little Congressman evidently feels that his fame is now complete. He sends a despatch to his mother that he has allowed himself to be shot at four times rather than retract a lie. The enlightened people of Wheeling are disgraced in such a Congressman, the city should be clothed in mourning, a petition should be sent to Congress for his expulsion, and SHERARD CLEMENS should suffer capital punishment for this heinous crime.

Benj. F. Spriggs' Platform.

As this *Spring* of a man who has been nominated by the Democracy for Congress, has not yet made his appearance among the people, nor declared his position except that laid down in the Democratic Platform; we will be necessitated from time to time to let the people know his position. We here append his Kansas policy as laid down by leaders in his party.

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Kansas has voted upon this land proposition, and she has voted for the terms offered, and therefore remains out of the Union. This conclusively establishes the fact that Kansas is ultra anti-slavery. This being the case, the best thing for us is for her to stay out of the Union. Her coming in would only give an accession of strength to our enemies. If she should stay out forever, all the better.

From a speech of S. S. Cox, at Newark, Aug. 28.

I cannot vote for Kansas to be admitted as a State till she prevents herself with a census, showing that she has a population of 93,420 souls.

Old Line Whigs taken in and done for.

How some of the old reliable Whigs got seduced into the support of Mr. Buchanan, and how they tell now that they discover themselves "sold," is set forth in *The Philadelphia Press*:

The events preceding Mr. Buchanan's nomination at Cincinnati; the bitter war made upon him there by certain extreme Southern men; the fact that he did not participate in the repeal of the Missouri line; the empty pledges contained in his letter of acceptance, in which, with singular perspicacity, he foretold that the course which he afterward assumed in support of Governor Walker on the Kansas question, and stated his resolute determination never to give up the principle that the majority of the people should rule in the settlement of their own domestic institutions;—all these circumstances made him peculiarly acceptable to the old-line Whigs. When, however, the President concluded to change his course, and, under the pressure of the same violent influences which sought to defeat his nomination at Cincinnati, to yield to a contrary, and what was manifestly a sectional policy, no portion of our countrymen were so disappointed that that composed of the original friends of Clay and Webster; and when this extraordinary and unexpected change of front was sought to be made a test upon the members of the Democratic party, the sentiment of surprise and chagrin was turned into one of indignation and alarm; and finally, when the astounding proclamation of Judge Douglas in Illinois, representing (as he does) the solid organization of the Democratic party there, and standing upon Mr. Buchanan's own ground and upon the principle which made Mr. Buchanan President, was boldly commenced, (as it is now cruelly and persistently persevered in) who wonders that not only old line Whigs, but old line Democrats, too, ask each other, in the language of Gov. Walker, whether, indeed, our Government was upon the shores of the Danube and the Bosphorus, and whether this was the last year of the American independence and the first of an American despotism?

THE THREE POINTS IN DOUGLAS' CREED.—Liar, Abolitionist, Amalgamationist.

Judge Palmer, of Illinois, in an off hand speech made in Macoupin county, carried down short horse Douglas thus:

Fellow citizens, (said Mr. Palmer,) you have listened with unusual attention to the convincing argument of your old friend, Mr. Lincoln. You have seen the line drawn between the nigger-driving dogmas of the Sham Democracy and the conservative principles of the Whig and Republican parties of Illinois. You cannot but admit that the philosophy and the law which carry niggers into Nebraska and drive white men out, are equally potent to bring them into Macoupin county and crowd the free laborer and his own honest home.

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OUR STATE OFFICERS.

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Let us first, as a matter of duty and of pleasure, pay our respects to the Governor, His Excellency, Salmon P. Chase. Ohio has no nobler son. Tall, straight, well developed, the Governor is a model of a physical man. His age is probably about fifty years. We have never had a Governor who has so strictly and thoroughly attended to the duties of his position. When first elected he moved his family from Cincinnati to Columbus. Some time since he purchased a beautiful residence opposite the Sterling Hotel College, where he dispenses such cordial hospitality to citizens and distinguished strangers as becomes the Governor of the Empire State of the West. He is the first Governor who has made his home in Columbus, and has made the duties of the office his exclusive business. He is prompt, thorough and methodical in all matters of business. He is the best executive officer Ohio has ever had. His administrative capacity is of the first order. Of his judgment, good sense, great ability, and purity of character, there is a great appreciation by all who know him. It is my hope that he may yet grace the White House at Washington. His private secretary, L. L. Rice, is a gentleman of great industry, and performs the laborious duties of his post to the satisfaction of the Gov., and to the acceptance of the public.

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The Attorney General, C. P. Wolcott, Esq., who is again before the people for reelection, is one of the ablest young lawyers in Ohio. He came here comparatively a stranger, but by his industry, ability and force of character, now stands among the first rank of our professional men. He deserves a reelection, and I doubt not will be re-elected.

The Commissioner of Common Schools, Rev. Anson Smith, has demonstrated his eminent fitness for the place by his.

Taken as a whole, as well as in individual, Ohio has good reason to be proud of the men who compose the executive of the State. Not one of them is a drunkard, a gambler, a mere political adventurer; but all stand deservedly high as private citizens, as well as public officers. Courteous, kind, at all times accommodating, and desirous of being, as well as appearing to be, gentlemen, in the truest and best sense of the term, they grace the Capitol and the party which has placed them in their honorable and responsible positions. There will be no Brexinsims, no plunderings, no denigrations under the present dynasty.

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Anti-Weevil Cox.

Cox is trying a new game among the farmers of the central district. He has sent through the mails large numbers of small packages of wheat under his own frank, labeled "anti-weevil wheat." The fun is that the wheat is bought in his own county, and even contains weevil in the packages sent out. This is a new game to buy votes.

The Richmond Enquirer advances a new creed. It says: Congress must intervene to protect Slavery in the Territories. That is, there must be a special Slave Code for the Territories. This will be the next plank in the Democratic Platform. It is, in fact, absolutely necessary to the extension of Slavery and hence will be heartily endorsed by the party North and South.

The Gazette man calls us to task for not noticing the speech of THEAKER in this place. Now Captain, put on your spectacles and read the local column of the issue week before last, and then feel cheap. We will be surprised if we get an opportunity to say as much honestly of a speech from Mr. SHERBORN.

Information has been received from Mr. KERN, our Minister to China, that he has closed a treaty with that Government similar to that obtained by France and England. He states that the Emperor regards the United States with much favor.

A Mistake.

Judge BRESEE contradicts the report that he is not a candidate for U. S. Senate. The statement has gone the rounds, that he would not be a candidate in opposition to Douglas. He denounces DOUGLAS as a conspirator, and sets himself fair and square against him.

We published a telegraph account of the Maine election last week which gave the Democracy an increased vote, and one Congressman. We are glad to correct this report and say that Maine comes out of the contest covered all over with glory. The Republicans elect all the Congressmen.

Tom Corwin will be in this county at some date prior to the election. The time is not specified. He is doing big work wherever he goes. We long to hear the crack of his whip.

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We Have No Bourbon Among Us.

Rev. Eleazar Williams, a humble Protestant Episcopal Missionary among the St. Regis Indians, but whose known history with incidents collateral thereto, furnishes a remarkable chain of circumstantial evidence as showing him to be the veritable Louis XVII of France, and son of the gifted Maria Antoinette, died on the 28th ult., in Hogsburg, Franklin county, New York. A correspondent of *The New York Journal of Commerce* gives the particulars of his death and burial. The correspondence of *The Journal of Commerce* says:

Approaching St. Regis river from the East, and about one thousand feet from it, on the North side of the river, is a square enclosure of the rock, nearly covered by a beautiful pine grove, with only one white and one yellow birch tree besides. Midway and about one hundred feet from the river in this grove, stands a modern built one story house, forty feet square, with a high Gothic roof, gable front and piazza, painted outside dark brown, inside oak grained.

From front to rear runs a wide hall, dividing the house equally, making two small rooms in front, one each side of the hall—while the rear, from which is a flight of stairs above, has no room deserving a more dignified name than closet or pantry. The windows are small, with diamond glass, and hung with outside green blinds. No other building, or shed, graces the premises. This is where the Dauphin lived and died.

The tidings of his death spread rapidly on Saturday. Ledges of Masons were convened that evening, and arrangements made in places as distant as Malone, about twenty five miles, to attend and bury him yesterday at two o'clock P. M.

About one o'clock I entered the grounds and dwelling, where I found about twenty persons, mostly females. In the West front room, upon stools stood a large sized coffin, covered with black broad cloth and silver mounted, and a rich pall having two deep velvet borders thrown over. No plate, letter, or figure, indicated its contents.

The lid was open, and therein lay the deceased, clad in his Episcopal vestments, with a small black velvet cap covering the top of his head and the upper part of his brow. The countenance was remarkably fresh, the eyes not sunken, and but for a parched appearance of the lips, nothing inconsistent with a hale man in calm repose.

On entering, I was not a little surprised to see Mrs. ————, of your city, at the head of the corpse, fanning off the flies, as I have seen her do for her sleeping child, and a stalwart Indian standing at her back. She had made the acquaintance and won the confidence of a squaw who attended the deceased, and thus enabled me to inspect the body, royal robe, &c., &c.

Mr. M. ———— called my attention to the robe said to have belonged to and worn by the Queen whose fate has awakened such deep sympathies, and whom the deceased claimed as his mother.

For elegance and richness of fabric, it would not disgrace royalty, even if the history given of it be a myth. She also showed me a sun-painted likeness, showing a noble head and countenance, said (and I doubt not truly) to be of the deceased, but I could find little resemblance to the inauspicious clay effigy before me.

The floor were all bare, and the only furniture I saw in the house was a small table, a small old trunk containing the robe in the East front room, and a pine board bench in the hall.

Back of the house was a plain turned maple bedstead and a pine board upright box with a seat in it. Mrs. M. said there was also in the house three chairs, one small bedstead and straw bed, one other small table, and one other bed trunk.

Just before two o'clock the "ancient and honorable fraternity of M. Masons" in large numbers came in procession, and, with the officiating clergyman, accompanied the remains to the Methodist Episcopal Mission Church, about a half a mile North on St. Regis road.

In this Church, the Rev. Mr. Tredwell, Rector at Malone, preached the funeral discourse.

These services over, the remains were borne across to the West side of the road to a small cemetery, and under two pine trees consigned to the grave, with Episcopal and Masonic rites.

What the fate of the Indians, with whom he was raised, if not born, I doubt not that you will learn with surprise that his burial, though in their midst, and within a mile and a half of their large village, was not attended by one as a mourner or friend.

About a dozen squaws neatly attired in their costume straggled along outside of the procession, of whom a few entered the church, whilst others sat by the fence.

During the services at the grave, none approached; but after others retired, about half a dozen squaws came up, looked into the grave and turned away. No "warrior" paid the least attention to what was transpiring, nor did a squaw manifest the slightest emotion. Why was all this? Had the departed one ceased to be recognized as a "red man"? Was he considered a "pale face" by blood as well as by habit? Had given moral offence in matters of religion or civil polity? Or was it a display of the stoic character characteristic of their most savage constitution? Let those who can, answer.

There is no doubt that he suffered at last from the want of attention and other necessities.

Intelligent and trustworthy people in these parts, who have known him long and intimately with great unanimity believe in the Dauphin claim.

Requiescat in pace.

A New York friend in a private letter says:

"I have just had an account of the funeral of the Rev. E. Williams. I believe he was a Bourbon. The son of Louis Philippe" may now explain the reason of his visit to the "Missionary at Green Bay" on the steamer Columbus, with Capt. Floyd. The Prince de Joinville may, if he will, throw some light on the history of the departed Missionary. May not that old robe, so richly wrought, said to have been worn by the Queen, his mother, throw some glimmerings of intelligence on his history? Who will examine it critically, and compare it with the robes of her time?"

The human heart has, of course, its pouting fits; it determines to live alone; to fling into desert places; to have no employment—that is to love nothing; but to keep on sullenly beating, beating, until death sets its little finger on the silky thing and all is still. It goes away from the world, and straightway, shut from human company, it falls in love with a plant, a stone—yes, it dares cat or dog, and calls the creature its darling. Yes it is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.—*Franklin*

Our State Officers.

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